

THE JOURNAL'S FUND.

Enthusiastic Letters with Enclosures of Various Amounts Come from All Quarters.

Here follows a list of yesterday's contributions to the fund. Each dollar added sends a hundred documents to those who will get instruction and make the most profit of them.

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Tom D. Thomson, Camden, Ark.....	1.00	Mrs. P. B. Plumb, Kansas City, Mo.....	200.00
Monroe Watts, Camden, Ark.....	1.00	One day's contribution to the fund.....	\$732.55
F. Lynch Lee, Camden, Ark.....	1.00	The Journal's contribution for the day.....	732.55
Frank Tate, Camden, Ark.....	1.00	Previously acknowledged and subscribed.....	10,025.72
Sam Leake, Camden, Ark.....	.50	Total contributions to the fund.....	\$12,000.82
Marion Brown, Camden, Ark.....	1.00		
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To.....
I hereby subscribe the sum of \$.....
to the New York Journal's fund for the education of the voters of the United States.

(Name).....

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[The Journal would like the full names and addresses of subscribers, but agrees to use only initials or pseudonym when requested.]

The Republican National Campaign Committee is a very active organization. Having no particular substance on which to rest its political faith this year, and no candidate of any importance to make a noise about, it must bestir itself otherwise.

As one means of attracting attention it rushes madly into print. Any person with a political theory—not necessarily a logical or even a novel one—that seems to bolster up the decadent gold standard fallacy has only to communicate it to the campaign bureau and dicker for a price. The bureau attends to the printing of it and sees that it gets circulated. Thus is the nation flooded with various appeals to the ignorant more or less plausible or nakedly absurd. And, not content with appealing to the ignorant, this active organization lays itself out to ensure various class interests and enlist the sympathy of the several foreign elements. To this end pamphlets are being printed in French, German, Italian, and even in Hebrew. That such a method of conducting a campaign is unworthy a great party and degrading to our institutions does not deter these employers of it. All this pernicious activity must be counteracted with the force of clear facts set before the people in a candid manner. And every contribution to the Journal's education fund will do something in that direction.

Here are letters received yesterday:

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 16, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
Having read your generous offer to double any funds that may be entrusted to you for the furtherance of the Democratic campaign, and noting with enthusiasm the widespread enthusiasm it has aroused, we cannot desert from contributing our mite to the good cause, if for no other purpose than to show our dissent from the Republican campaign literature contributed by officials of various life insurance companies.

Our experience in the West is that the appreciated gold dollar does not only prevent a large number of people from taking insurance who ought to have it and want it, but it also proves such a burden to numerous policy holders as to make it impossible to keep up their premiums, thus defeating the very object and purpose of life insurance.

Yours for success, TWO INSURANCE MEN.
Stock Yards, Galveston, Tex., Sept. 15, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
Enclosed please find post office order for \$2.50, which place to the credit of the Journal's fund. Your action in the cause you are advocating in such a substantial way is the incentive which prompts me to contribute my mite to carry on the good work. Yours very truly,

A. P. NORMAN.
Oxford, N. C., Sept. 17, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
The truth is mighty and it will prevail. Let the

situation, and victory is certain. In speaking of protection they tell us "cheap and nasty" go together; then why does not the cheapness that comes from the appreciating single gold standard carry with it nastiness also? They say give us protection against the "pauper labor of Europe," but at the same time they create a "pauper labor" at home. Under God's laws a pauper is not a laborer, and a laborer is not a pauper.

We send \$2.50, and hope to send more from time to time. Yours truly,
ATTORNEY AND OTHER CITIZENS.
Pawtucket, R. I., Sept. 18, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
I beg to be excused for taking the privilege of writing to you, but in the papers in the East it is very hard to get a proper statement of affairs. I have been a Republican, but it looks queer to me when the money men want protection that they don't call on the millionaires to use force and arms. Without money to protect them, who are the men they take for that protection? When any head of a government wants a body guard, is it not the working man that he chooses? These men are using hard words, and go so far as to call any man that is for silver an anarchist. God forbid and forgive them. Please find enclosed \$1 for the Journal fund for education of the voters of the United States. I full name I wish withheld. Yours,

W. R. Hearst:
The truth is mighty and it will prevail. Let the

PRATTLE.

A Transient Record of Individual Opinion.

BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

Mr. James Hartley, a gentleman who followed the profession of grave robbery among the Indians of the Northwest, has the misfortune to be dead. That mischance appears to have overtaken him while he was "bund hand and foot to the thwarts of a canoe," "with a stake in his inside." There were other evidences that his passing away was not painless. The incident, trivial enough excepting in so far as it affects the personal and political interests of Mr. Hartley, derives a certain importance from its suggestive relation to the ethics of the profession of which he was a shining light. How long must a man be dead before it is right to hale him out of his hole in search of his buried belongings, or with a view to permanent exhibition of himself? What period of time must elapse before "the bones of Agamemnon are a show" which a person having a conscience to maintain may properly attend? Obviously these questions do not admit of definitive answer; the problem is complex and each case must depend on its peculiar conditions. No hard and fast rule can be formulated applicable equally, for illustration, to the instances of a famous Grecian or Roman and an ignoble Red Man of the unstoried West. The great Ramesses lying in a museum of antiquities, and exhaling a mild odor of balsam and spices, represents a feat of resurrection distinctly different in morality from that of exhuming the late A. T. Stewart; and the latter exploit would have had another character if the purpose had been not coercive but spontaneous—for the late Mr. Stewart would indubitably have made a very fair quality of soap. In a general way, a grave is like a woman—when oldest, least respected. Even the illustrious Dr. Chamney Dewey can hardly expect for his bones an eternity of that respect which all good souls invoke for his tongue.

In mentioning these two inevitables, woman and the grave, I am reminded of the good man who, departing this life, asked his wife to swear that she would not remarry till his grave should be dry. That conscientious widow observed the vow, too, albeit she was seen one day diligently fanning the grave. If the story is not found in the "Gesta Romanorum" it may be looked for elsewhere, for it is as old as the stars. Since that immortal tale was designed, empires have risen and fallen of whose rulers no one is named in history or song; populous capitals, the seats of mighty princes, have crumbled to the dust that burnishes the ploughshare of the farmer, himself unpolished; continents of slime, heaving their broad, black backs out of sea, have become the scene of life; art, letters and slaughter, and, subsiding, left not a record of the wreck—from those silent tragedies in the dark backward and abysm of time, no cry borne on the wind of "tradition" has reached any modern ear, no moon has crossed any harbor bar to beat as with hands at the easement of the sleepless historian. Oh, it is an old, old creation, that tale of the woman fanning the grave, but it is mentioned here in order to say that it is not so old as Chamney Dewey's freshest and best.

The Chrysarchists may or may not have the better of the financial argument, but they will have to confess that the higher personal morality is found on the other side. The unanimity and asperity with which the silver editors refer to the wicked plot of Colonel Breckinridge, whenever that unworthy person steps from behind his tree to see if he is still able to cast a shadow, prove that they themselves are pure in life and heart—the "blameless Ethiopians" of the campaign. Surely it is significant of the favor in which the good white metal is held in heaven that matters have been so ordered as to put all the saints of the country into editorial control of silver newspapers. The phenomenon encourages the belief that Bryan will carry the Celestial State by an overwhelming majority.

It is interesting to observe that a certain young Frenchwoman, with whom in various stages of nakedness the bill boards and dead walls of this town are all ablush, thinks bicycling extremely shocking. She probably does not think it at all shocking to display her own legs to the ultimate hush in skin-fitting, "fresh-colored" lights in the focus of a thousand pairs of male eyes, assisted by long-sighted diligent of attention. Doubtless her utterance is to be accepted as the natural verbiage of a contented commercial nullity or the spirit of unrest fostered by the pernicious habit of wearing clothes. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that in the service of public morality this supersensitive young woman might advantageously burst into bloomers herself.

Mr. Edward Palmer, a civil engineer, who is strongly suspected of having an uncommon mind, has complained to the police that the bankers have employed eleven hundred men to dig him. If it is true, let Mr. Palmer, for his protection, employ eleven hundred dogs to man them. If it is not true, why, Mr. Palmer must be a "gold bug."

It was courageous of Mr. Stephen Crane, the author, to stand up for a dandified girl arrested on a false charge while he was with her. It would have been still more courageous to have refrained from explaining the fact of his associating with her as "a study of human nature" for "literary purposes," or from explaining it all. An author, I believe, has all the rights of American citizenship, except in his dealings with publishers.

John Abram Gettup is a thoughtful man. That means things out in the light. Or reflection—discerning their secret plan.

And getting them placed just right—Just right: All tested and labelled and catalogued duly. And shipshape and proper and tight.

Ben Gutzleman Jaffer is prone to err. As the sparrow fly upward; in thought. He's a mellowing babe, and he'll never prefer. The views and beliefs that he ought.

He ought. To hold, for example, his own understanding. As something whose value is naught.

Now one of these men is a Democrat, one a Republican. One is for gold. The other for silver. My story is done; I know that two views they hold.

They hold; But which is the Democrat, which the Republican. No one can know, unless told.

It turns out that Mr. Edward Bok was not offered "a salary of \$7,000 per annum, a gorgeous West End mansion and other things" to edit the Pall Mall Gazette. Indeed, Mr. Bok was not offered anything. British literature will have to struggle on under the present adverse conditions—that is, say, without Mr. Bok's assistance.

Young authors on the Case of the Nalls" and his valuable weekly attentances ancient "Deport" sent as the Basis of Success in Letters." True, the writing Britons can obtain M. Bok's views in the Journal that he has the goodies to conduct in this country; but the satisfaction of knowing what he said a week ago about "The Most Helpful Alignment of the Pen Rack, the Paper Cut and the Gum Bottle" is sadly impaired by the tantalizing consciousness that he has just since have uttered his "indomitable soul" in unobjectionable dogmas on "The Essential Unity of the True and the Gentle." May Mr. Bok be always spared to let us be our most precious possession, and contests with Ruth Cleveland the position of First Young Lady of the Land.

A gentleman "prominently identified with transportation interests," has freed his bosom of its perilous stuff by outpouring it into the columns of a Philadelphia newspaper. Who makes the countless thousands mourn in the coffers of the gentleman p. l. w. t. i. is man's inhumanity to railroads, which he treats as a sombre phenomenon impenetrable to the light of explanation. He shows with a fair degree of facility that at least it is not truly attributable to any one of the causes continuously assigned to the duty of explaining it. I think I can assist this person to an explanation that is simple, natural and adequate. It is a matter of personal baggage. The railway managers of this country are "too mean to live;" they will not employ men enough to handle their passengers' trunks and boxes with decent attention to the spirit of the Decalogue. Every trunk made with a view to resistance under conditions—fortified with bands and patches of "metast and strips of wood"—is a silent witness to the racial economy that destroys in property what it saves in wages. If the American public were not sheepishly taking the maddening spectacle of a man moving heavy trunks from a baggage car by gravity would never have acquired its present hold upon the favor of railway men as a public entertainment. It will hardly do to deal ungenerously with the person engaged in giving the show; he is not half as strong as he ought to be, but he is commonly too strong to be profitably kicked. Besides, he is not at fault; there is nothing in it for him. He would as lief be good as to be the red-handed pirate that his numerical feebleness compels him to be. The outraged passengers' proper recourse is to shoot the president of the company.

He who has duly considered the superior tolerableness of a small wrong to a great one is denied the happiness of thinking the public execution of a sinner is in reparation of their guilt for the States and the nation. For the corruption, their unspeakable and the privileges, their dishonesty and the stock market, the laws for these and a lot of other things, he knows; but when he is not and seen trunks and lost in a spray of what the gentleman "pr with transportation into consider a mysterious onism to the light. The terrible about it; the outrage which, by brood magnitudes to dimensions and henceforth his best efforts given to promotion and prosperity of his revenge. For my part, I have never felt that way; from the wreck of my baggage I have always walked contentedly away, sustained and comforted by the prospect of death.

An esteemed contemporary suggests that in order to safeguard our warships against the peril of so frequently "going ashore," they be required to stay always 100 miles from land. I must remind "our esteemed" that the distance from a ship's bottom (with which she "goes ashore" mostly) to the nearest land is commonly reckoned in fathoms, not miles, and that at no point known is it anything like so great as that. It would not only prosper the accuracy of the journal in question to add to its nautical staff "a boson tight, and a midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's gig."

Thank Heaven, the immortal reign of the sea serpent nears its ignoble close! The creature has been seen in the Hackensack River, where it will doubtably die of malnutrition. It has been a notable worm to its time; nothing has been so frequently seen by credible witnesses nothing so strenuously denied an existence by all the rest of the world. It has travelled much; has visited all the principal points of interest in the several seas, and was once seen off Boston. In its translation to another world it will leave a large circle of riparian admirers along the Hackensack to mourn their loss in being unable to go too. Peace and a good ebb to the Tom Watson of the sea!

Elizabeth Cady Stanton in Favor of Bryan.

Editor of the Journal:
Just returning from my Summer outing and inquiring into the political attitude of the metropolitan press, I learn that the Journal is the only daily paper that supports William J. Bryan as a regular Democratic candidate for President.

An enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Bryan has just read to me his Labor Day speech delivered in Chicago on September 7. It certainly has a true ring from glowing to end. Ignoring all minor questions, such as tariff and finance, that might confuse his audience—as they do everybody—he dwells on the fundamental principles of just Government, which, if carried out, would secure equal rights to the 3,000,000 of disfranchised women.

The ballot as he describes it, in the hands of every citizen, would indeed be of power; a crown of royalty. As President of the United States, I would like to see in his position in the gift of the American people. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Honorary President Woman's National Association.

A Has-Been.
[Washington Post.]
Admirers of the game have found that Carl Schurz's delivery is a

Needed Reps.
[Washington Post.]
Suppose Senator Thurston did on the financial question. Could he be stuck to his old mule of repair?

Bragg Objects.
[Detroit Free Press.]
That is the way to do it.